

Squirtgun, Long So Long

I'm tired of waiting for your sunburn
I want more coffee
Read sonnets to Chris, an old, old woman on the sly

Your fossil-fuled up with camel-lights and ginger snapping
ponging dishes washing when you
sign I wanna dry

The gas cans pour out just so long
The sun, it shines for just so long
I'm sure you'll love just so long
and then so long, so long goodbye

I try to make a spaceship happen
but the math and engineering drag
me headlong to the floor,

or can I score a word or perhaps half understanding
I've been digging myself silly, trenches too
But here's some glue I can't ignore